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The Birth of Personality

An Appreciation of Thomas Mann's Biblical Trilogy

BY WILLA CATHER

The first two volumes of Thomas Mann's trilogy, "Joseph and His Brothers," have already appeared in this country, and the third is announced for future publication. Meanwhile, a new collection of Thomas Mann's short stories, written between 1897 and 1929, has just been issued, and is reviewed on page 5.—The Editor.

WILLA CATHER

IN the Prologue of his great work Thomas Mann says of it: "Its theme is the first and last of all our questioning and speaking and all our necessity; the nature of man." But it is not the nature of man as the behaviorists or the biologists see it. This is a double nature, struggling with itself, and the struggle is not to keep the physical machine running smoothly. These ancient people know very little about their physical structure. Their attention is fixed upon something within themselves which they feel to be their real life, consciousness; where it came from, and what becomes of it. In this book men ask themselves the questions they asked æons ago when they found themselves in an unconscious world. From the Old Testament, that greatest record of the orphan soul trying to find its kin somewhere in the universe, and from the cruder superstitions of the kindred Semitic peoples, Mann has made something like an orchestral arrangement of all the Semitic religions and philosophies.

There are two ways in which a story teller can approach a theme set in the distant past. The way most familiar to us is that which Flaubert took in "Salammbô." The writer stands in present time, his own time, and looks backward. He works and thinks in a long vanished society. His mind is naturally fixed upon contrasting that world with our own; upon religions, institutions, manners, ways of thinking, all very unlike ours. The reader sees the horrors and splendors of Salammbô from a distance; partly because it was a point of ethics with Flaubert to encourage no familiarity at any time, but particularly because in this book he himself was engaged with the feeling of distance, strangeness, difference.

Mann approaches an even more distant past by another route; he gets behind the epoch of his story and looks forward. He begins with a Prologue which is informed by all the discoveries science has lately made about the beginnings of human existence on this globe; the beginnings long before the known beginning, the long ages when men "did battle with the flying newts" and life was little more than a misery which persisted. From the depths without a history he comes up through the ages of orally transmitted legend; every legend, he believes, having a fact behind it, an occurrence of critical importance to the breed of man.

After the tremendous preparation of the Prologue (a marvel of imaginative power), he rises out of the bottomless depths to the period of his story; only some three thousand years ago, he says, when men were very much like ourselves, "aside from a measure of dreamy indefiniteness in their habits of thought."

This same dreamy indefiniteness, belonging to a people without any of the relentless mechanical gear which directs every moment of modern life toward accuracy, this indefiniteness is one of the most effective elements of verity in this great work. We are among a shepherd people; the story has almost the movement of grazing sheep. The characters live at that pace. Perhaps no one who has not lived among sheep can realize the rightness of the rhythm. A shepherd people is not driving toward anything. With them, truly, as Michelet said of quite another form of journeying, the end is nothing, the road is all. In fact, the road and the end are literally one. There is nothing in "Joseph and His Brothers" more admirable than the tempo, the deliberate, sustained pace. (In this age of blinding speed and shattering sound!) Never was there a happier conjunction of writer and subject matter. Thomas Mann's natural tempo is deliberate; his sentences come out of reflection, not out of an impulse. It is possible for him to write the story of a shepherd people at the right pace and with the right kind of development—continual circling and digression—which is not digression since it is his purpose. He can listen to the herdsmen telling their stories over and over, go backward and forward with their "dreamily indefinite habits of thought." He has all the time there is; Mediterranean time, 1,000 B. C. When I refer to a passage in the book to refresh my memory, I find myself reading on and on, largely from pleasure in this rich deliberateness which

Next Week

TRUSTING IN BRAINS
By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VILLAGE CHRONICLE
By JAMES McCONNAUGHEY
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

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is never without intensity and deep vibration. It is not a kind of writing adapted to all subjects, certainly, but here it is in the very nature of the theme; it gives, along with this distinctive rhythm, a warm homeliness, communicates a brooding tenderness which is in the author's mind. For in this book Herr Mann is enamored of his theme, wholly given to it, and this favoritism, held in check by his native temperateness, is itself a source of pleasure; the strong feeling under the strong hand.

At the end of his Prologue the author declares that he is glad to come up from the bottomless pit of prehistoric struggle, and the undecipherable riddle of the old legends, to something relatively near, rather like a home-coming. We, too, are glad. With a sense of escape we approach something already known to us; not glacier ages or a submerged Atlantis, but the very human Mediterranean shore, on a moonlight night in the season of spring. We have all been there before, even if we have never crossed salt water. (Perhaps this is not strictly accurate, but even the Agnostic and the Behaviorist would have to admit that his great-grandfather had been there.) The Bible countries along the Mediterranean shore were very familiar to most of us in our childhood. Whether we were born in New Hampshire or Virginia or California, Palestine lay behind us. We took it in unconsciously and unthinkingly perhaps, but we could not escape it. It was all about us, in the pictures on the walls, in the songs we sang, in Sunday school, in the "opening exercises" at day school, in the talk of the old people, wherever we lived. And it was in our language—fixedly, indelibly. The effect of the King James translation of the Bible upon English prose has been repeated down through the generations; leaving its mark on the minds of all children who had any but the most sluggish emotional nature.

We emerge from Mann's Prologue to find ourselves not only in a familiar land, but among people we have always known, Joseph and Jacob; and they are talking about their remote ancestors, whom we also know. The Book of Genesis lies like a faded tapestry deep in the memory of almost every individual who is more than forty years of age. Moreover, as it is the background of nearly all the art of Western Europe, even today's college Senior must have come upon it, if only by the cheerless road of reference reading. We are familiar with Mann's characters and their history not only through Moses and the Prophets and the Hebrew Scriptures, but through Milton and Dante and Racine, Bach and Haydn and Handel, through painters and architects and stone cutters innumerable. We begin the book with the great imaginings and the great imaginators already in our minds —we are dyed through and through with them. That is the take-off of the story.

The first volume of the trilogy is the book of Jacob—of Jacob and his forebears. In a family which held itself so much apart from other tribes and sects, the connection between each man and a long line of grandfathers was very close. There were external features common to all the Semitic religions; hence the shallow and light-minded of the descendants of Abraham were often backsliders, marrying with women of other tribes and troubling themselves very little about the one great idea which had brought Abraham out of Chaldea and isolated him from his own and all other peoples. Whenever that conception of God was very strong in one of Abraham's descendants (was indeed the burning purpose of his inner life, as it was of Jacob's), that man was virtually Abraham's grandson, no matter how many physical generations had gone between, and he was the true and direct inheritor of the "blessing," aside from any accident of primogeniture.

Throughout this first volume one gradually becomes aware that Abraham's seed were not so much the "chosen people" as they were *the people who chose.* They chose to renounce not only sacred images, "idols," but all the spells and incantations and rites to which men resorted for comfort of mind, and to wander forth searching for a God of whom no image could be made by mortal hand. A God who was not a form, but a force, an essence; felt, but not imprisoned in matter. "The God of the ages," Mann puts it, for whom he [Abraham] sought a name and found none sufficient, wherefore he gave Him the plural, calling Him, provisionally, Elohim, the Godhead."

Herr Mann accounts for Abraham's quest in this wise:

> What had set him in motion was unrest of the spirit, a need of God, and if—as there can be no doubt—dispensations were vouchsafed him, they had reference to the irradiations of his personal experience of God, which was of a new kind altogether; and his whole concern from the beginning had been to win for it sympathy and adherence. He suffered; and when he compared the measure of his inward distress with that of the great majority, he drew the conclusion that it was pregnant with the future. Not in vain, so he heard from the newly beheld God, shall have been thy torment and thine unrest; for it shall fructify many souls and make proselytes in numbers like to the sands of the seas; and it shall give impulse to great expansions of life hidden in it as in a seed; and in one word, thou shalt be a blessing. A blessing? It is unlikely that the word gives the true meaning of that which happened to him in his very sight and which corresponded to his temperament and to his experience of himself. For the word "*blessing*" carries with it an idea which but ill describes men of his sort: men, that is, of roving spirit and discomfortable mind, whose novel conception of the deity is destined to make its mark upon the future. The life of men with whom new histories begin can seldom or never be a sheer unclouded blessing; not this it is which their consciousness of self whispers in their ears. "And thou shalt be a destiny": such is the purer and more precise meaning of the promise, in whatever language it may have been spoken.

The idea was a leap centuries ahead into the dark. Yet it must have been born in the mind of one man: such revelations never come to committees or bureaus of research. Abraham's descendants could not always live up to it, but tradition held them together, and the rite of circumcision set them apart. The rite and the form can be continued even in the sluggish generations when the significance is lost. But Mann's work begins when the quest which drove Abraham out of a stupefied materialistic world is burning bright again in Jacob, who, by strategems outwardly crooked but inwardly inevitable, "had saved his life, his

(*Continued on page* 20)

Flute in Late Summer

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

THE dandelion is frayed
And puffed on pipe.
Summer is delicately made
And the season ripe.
See the sun on the grass fade
From gold to green stripe.

Summer is delicately made.
While it is, it is ceasing.
At first we are a touch afraid
At summer's teasing,
And move from sun to shade
Fear shadow-increasing.

At first we are a touch afraid.
We start, we take care.
We delay, or we evade,
We wait or we stare
To see ripeness decayed
And the bright earth bare.

We delay and we evade.
But by degrees, relenting,
Color-timbre, grade on grade
The dimming eye inventing,
Until even the pale and the half-shed
Blow clean with calm consenting. . . .

The dandelion is frayed
And puffed on pipe.
Summer is delicately made
And the season ripe.
See the sun on the grass fade
From gold to green stripe.

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The Saddest Happy Man Alive

STORIES OF THREE DECADES. By Thomas Mann. Translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILSON FOLLETT

> His love of the word kept growing sweeter and sweeter, and his love of form; for he used to say (and had already said it in writing) that knowledge of the soul would unfailingly make us melancholy if the pleasures of expression did not keep us alert and of good cheer.
>
> TONIO KRÖGER

IN these two dozen stories, ranging in length from less than five pages to nearly eighty and in the times of publication from 1897 to 1929, the reader of "Buddenbrooks" and "The Magic Mountain" is provided with a new conspectus of Thomas Mann. The volume, a substantial one containing over a quarter of a million words in 570 pages of text, has from beginning to end a singular continuity and unity. A comparable net effect is sometimes produced by an arrangement of tales expressly chosen for implicit mutual harmony: but these tales are neither chosen nor arranged. The collection is complete and in a sense definitive: it is all of Thomas Mann's fiction in the shorter forms, arbitrarily presented in the order of first appearances in print. What we should normally expect is a miscellany exhibiting not only growth, but also change. But, as it happens, there is simply nothing miscellaneous about Thomas Mann. The stories are almost as homogeneous as the volume which Mr. Dwiggins has handsomely designed to contain them, or as the English style of Mrs. Lowe-Porter's superb translations. The anticipated growth is here, indeed, but not the change. The twenty-four stories show their author with a steadfast singleness and simplicity which even the wayfaring reader cannot miss, an integration astounding to all but those intensive students of Mann's work who, having long followed it in the original language, have in effect already brought the present collection together in their own minds.

The continuum in "Stories of Three Decades" is the author as character, an identity unseen but still unalteringly present from tale to tale. This observation does not mean that the stories, taken singly, are to be read as autobiography. Certainly Thomas Mann is not among those authors who make a career of writing what they have done (a posture of which the natural corollary is doing all manner of things in order to write about them). It is clear that he has never had the weakness of treating a story as a mere catchall for whatever he felt himself to be at the time of composition. Tonio Kröger is not Thomas Mann; Aschenbach, in "Death in Venice," is not Thomas Mann; Cipolla the magician is not he; but each of these is a careful transmutation of something central in Thomas Mann—the same something always. It is that common element which, emerging from piece after piece over a span of nearly a third of a century, gives the volume its revelatory significance as a personal record. And this significance is as far as possible from being one of those beguiling subtleties which criticism is prone to invent out of its own need for reducing complications to simplicity or illuminating a darkness. The author himself not only sanctions this construction of his work: he anticipates it. In a preface written with the urbanity of which he is never a more distinguished master than when speaking of himself, he expressly calls his "Stories of Three Decades" "an autobiography in the guise of fable."

In "Buddenbrooks," in "The Magic Mountain," and currently in "Joseph and His Brothers," we have a very great modern mind so refracted through the prism of reality that it reaches us in the form of a spectrum of the utmost richness and variety. In the tales, on the other hand, this same mind is passed through the lens of a single idea, a single interest, and its component colors are bent together into white light and focused on one point as if by a burning glass. The method of dispersion is replaced by the method of concentration. Where the great novels mean a search for one meaning in all things, the stories mean a search for all meanings in but one thing.

That one thing is the inveterate dilemma of the creative artist in this world.

To Thomas Mann the artist is chiefly interesting as the congenital outcast from life—the man with a supreme and splendid affliction. Between him and his normal fellows is a barrier which neither he nor they can overlook and which they know to be impenetrable; and on his side of it he lives his lonely life in a sort of spiritual quarantine. The true artist is marked out from the beginning for unique privileges, for unique compensations unintelligible to other folk, but most of all for unique sufferings. He suffers simply for what he is—a being able to comprehend the life of common humanity, able to analyze it and illuminate it and shine in the reflection of the radiance he has himself cast upon it, but forever unable to participate in it; one locked up in his own duality and condemned to make the best of a situation as irremediably tragic as if he were Siamese twins.

Tonio Kröger, who is of all his creator's spokesmen the most fully articulate on this subject, says among many utterances to the same purport:

> We who are set apart do not conceive it [life] as, like us, unusual; it is the normal, respectable, and admirable that is the kingdom of our longing: life, in all its seductive banality! That man is very far from being an artist . . . whose last and deepest enthusiasm is the *raffiné*, the eccentric and satanic; who does not know a longing for the innocent, the simple, and the living, for a little friendship, devotion, familiar human happiness—the gnawing, surreptitious hankering . . . for the bliss of the commonplace. . . .
>
> A genuine human friend. Believe me, I should be proud and happy to possess a friend among men. But up to now all the friends I have had have been dæmons, kobolds, impious monsters, and spectres dumb with excess of knowledge—that is to say, literary men. . . .
>
> It is against all sense to love life and yet bend all the powers you have to draw it over to your own side, to the side of finesse and melancholy and the whole sickly aristocracy of letters.

And then comes this sentence, as true as it is terrible:

> The kingdom of art increases and that of health and innocence declines on this earth.

Not that all of the protagonists in these twenty-four stories are practising artists. They do not have to be: for the outcast of whatever degree will serve well enough as a prototype of the artist, a dramatization of his problem. The meaning throughout is Conrad's meaning in the place where he refers to his "pages in which so many lives come and go at the cost of one which slips insensibly away"—slips away unlived, is the implication. Conrad, too, was a portrait painter of the outcast, though of the outcast in any guise except Mann's favorite one of the artist. It is a fact not without its suggestiveness that these two great men of racial origins so dissimilar, authors of work thematically so unlike and yet animated by basic perceptions so closely akin, should both have come to show the harassed eyes and the ravaged faces of all the self-conscious ones who are too wise in that they should not know—the Hamlet look. Thomas Mann's last decade has added more than its share to that expression, if there is anything in published likenesses; and that for reasons not confined to whatever disillusionments he has undergone as a good man and a good German. Too deeply read in the soul to be blithe, too experienced in the pleasures of expression to be morose, he is probably the saddest happy man alive today.

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FROM "THIS WAY TO THE BIG SHOW."

The Circus Comes to Town

THIS WAY TO THE BIG SHOW. By Dexter W. Fellows and Andrew A. Freeman. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS book is almost literally a three-ring circus. All sorts and conditions of circus people and animals, to say nothing of Pawnee Bill & Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Congress of Rough Riders of the World, parade through these richly anecdotal pages, so vividly presented as to seem to set us down under the big top itself. Also, the book is rather cleverly divided into three uneven sections, as "Ring No. 1," "Ring No. 2," etc., in which the subdivisions are labeled "Displays." The book starts on a ramble and ends still rambling. It begins with the elephant, Old John—one of the most human elephants I ever read about; progresses through the earliest days of one who was to become the circus-press-agent of press-agents, in Fitchburg, Massachusetts; leaps into the years with Pawnee Bill and Buffalo Bill (the entire middle section of the book being Wild West); and then goes all Ringling and Greatest Show. Incidentally, Display No. 3 in the last section is concerned with the burning rhetoric of the press-agent plenipotentiary for P. T. Barnum, namely the late "Tody" Hamilton. His sesquipedalianism is brilliantly illustrated, and the history of the circus press-agent is all here.

There's also interesting stuff about Frank (Slivers) Oakley, the great clown of his day, in the following section; but it is in the next one after that, when the talk turns to the late Lillian Leitzel, the great and beautiful little prima donna of the rings who plunged to tragic death from her trapeze in Copenhagen—and the subsequent section, "Death in the Ring" (about the animal-trainers)—that one's attention is riveted.

On the whole this large and attractively printed and illustrated book is one to dip into here and there, for sidelights from all angles on the out-of-door show-business. There is great variety, and Dexter Fellows has always been known as an admirable *raconteur*. He is an American institution, if not a great American myth. The portrait he paints of Buffalo Bill is thoroughly human and full-length, including the great scout's displays of temperament, the attestation of his not only killing but *scalping* the Cheyenne chief, Yellow Hand, and his pathetic yearning for steamed clams at the age of seventy. Buffalo Bill's lavish generosity to his home town of North Platte, Nebraska; the tremendous hoopla he made when playing his native state, and his sobriety thereafter; and, finally, the old scout's courageous but sad passing; all that colorful panorama is here, along with portraits of Major Burke and the famous Annie Oakley.

To my mind one of the best stories in the volume is that concerning California Joe who wanted to read Buffalo Bill's autobiography. Cody forgot to send it to him and a miner, whom Joe had commissioned to buy it, palmed off on him a copy of the Bible, as he knew that the old Big Horn country guide could not read. Finally Joe cornered a cowboy, demanding that he be read what "Bill" had written about him in that book. Racking his brains the cowboy finally read out the part in the Bible about Daniel and the lions, substituting Joe's name for Daniel's wherever it occurred. After the reading was over Joe ruminatingly turned over the quid in his mouth, spat, and remarked:

> "It's all true, every word of it, and I remember the circumstance well. I was with him when it happened."

Dexter Fellows was with most of the great of the circus business "when it happened," and he also remembers it well. If, once in a while, his tongue slips into his cheek, he asks us to forgive him. We do, because this is one of the most entertaining books on the American circus and the Wild West Show that one is likely to read for many a long day.

A Physician's Career

THE DOCTOR. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D.

PRESUMABLY Mrs. Rinehart had in mind to present in fictional form the career of a typical American physician of the best type with his common problems and perplexities. I must assume that, because that is the only basis on which I can explain how it should be sent to me for review.

I read, let alone review, very few novels any more and I have not read an average popular American novel for longer than I can remember until this came to my desk the other day. I must confess I am deeply disturbed at the experience.

The story follows Dr. Noel Arden from the time of his graduation from his hospital career, which is approximately dated about 1908, in setting up practice in a middle-sized industrial town in the United States, through his early years of struggle, his experiences as city physician, his rise through appointment to the staff of his hospital, his post-graduate work abroad, his career in the army during the World War, and his success in the specialty of surgery after his return from service.

Interwoven into this main thread is his love affair with the daughter of the rich man and political boss of the town, the inevitable rupture with her father because the epidemic of typhoid which he is called upon to control is due to the indifference of the political machine in providing a proper filtering plant; the consequent breaking off of the engagement, and his marriage with the pert and unworthy daughter of his shiftless landlady. In the course of his practice an unmarried woman comes to consult him about her unborn child and he discovers that the father is the fiancé of his former sweetheart. He forces the fiancé to pay for the infant's maintenance. After the war his wife takes up with a gay set and flirts with a drunken ne'er-do-well. At the height of his career Dr. Arden experiences castastrophe. At a public gathering at the hospital his wife finds him talking alone with his old sweetheart. She becomes jealous and drives him home in their automobile so recklessly that an accident results in which his musculospiral nerve is severed and his arm paralyzed. In order to give it time to heal, he goes to the country. His wife divorces him and marries the drunken ne'er-do-well. His hand finally recovers its power and we are left to suppose that he is taken back into hospital work and that he goes on with his career chastened and ennobled by his experiences.

Mrs. Rinehart is naturally quite at home with the external phenomena of hospital life and so far as the routine life

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of a physician of that period is concerned, it is described quite accurately. But Dr. Noel Arden never comes to life. He never develops any emotional reactions or any insight other than those of a stereotyped fiction writer's machine and, of course, the other characters are nothing more than stock parts, and the plot, if such it may be called, is a stock plot.

I am sorry that I can say no more, but there is simply nothing in this book to review. This mess of cloying sentimentality is not the life of a doctor and contains not one single viewpoint which might belong to the life or thought of a good clinician.

Logan Clendening is the author of "The Human Body" and other medical publications; more recently, he wrote "A Handbook to the Pickwick Papers," published on the occasion of the Pickwick centenary this spring.

A Big Little Book

AMERICANISM: What Is It? By Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. 35 *cents.*

ANY review of Mr. Baldridge's wise, gentle, and true little book must be not only a review of a book but of an incident as well. Of itself his brief essay in definition of a badly battered word would deserve the approval of all those who remember that the Bill of Rights remains in the Constitution. But more than the book is involved: prepared for the Americanism Committee of the New York County American Legion in connection with Americanism awards to high school students, the book promptly encountered protests, aiming at suppression, from the Hearst papers and the chairman of the National Americanism Committee of the Legion. The collision swiftly made the little book a big book, big though it achieves no final definition, for its reception raises squarely the question as to whether true "Americanism" lies in slapping mouths shut or allowing them to speak in freedom.

Perhaps Mr. Baldridge is radical: he believes that the Constitution means free speech when it says free speech and free speech for all men of all ideas. Certainly he is bold: He warns that some who steadily use the word "Americanism" may be paying the people in counterfeit coin. But if his book is radical, Jefferson was a *sansculotte* and Lincoln, a bolshevik born too soon to be tagged with the term. To this reviewer at least the essence of Mr. Baldridge's sinning seemed to be that, by merely reminding Americans of the meaning of freedom, he rebuked and reduced to a blundering confusion those who arrogate all freedom to themselves and seek in amazing arrogance to deny it in America's name to those with whom they disagree.

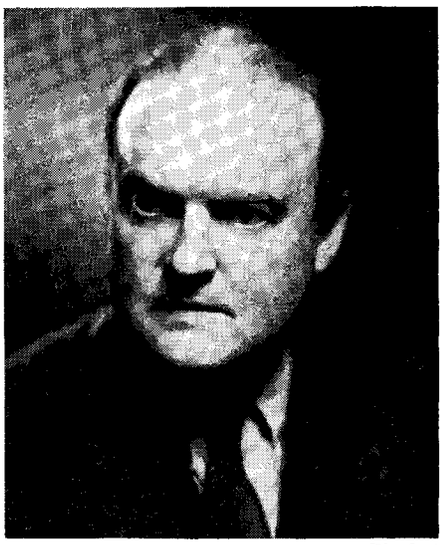
We need more such sinners. And we need more such incidents to stir the reading of such a book.

Travels in Discontentment

TRAVELS IN TWO DEMOCRACIES. By Edmund Wilson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by MAURICE HINDUS

MR. WILSON has written an engaging and provocative book. In it the reader will find some of his best writing and more of a revelation of himself than in any of his other works. True the book is neither a tract nor a thesis. It is a travelogue. Wilson wanders over America and Russia and records his impressions and reflections. He is more than a reporter. He is bent on reading meaning and purpose into everything he encounters. Nor is he an ordinary man. He is a highly civilized individual, or rather a highly individualized philosopher with an immense tenderness,



Pinchot

EDMUND WILSON

little passion, and ever conscious of his civilized tastes and of his sense of justice.

Therefore, the Angelus building, a hive for impoverished Negroes, horrifies him. The Buchmanites disgust him. The Old Stone House in upper New York in which his grandfather lived and in which his family often spent the summers, rouses in him "uneasy sensations of complacency which are always falling through into desperation," and his own house in New York, a "wooden booth," he calls it, makes him feel that he has not merely "stuck in the same place but actually lost ground."

A man of his temperament could not help being displeased with some of the present-day realities of Soviet life. The aftermath of the Kirov affair pains him, and he is hurt when Russian friends refuse to discuss the subject with him. He finds himself looking over his shoulder before venturing to say "anything about politics." Though if he had dropped in on the sessions of foreign correspondents in as public a place as the bar of the Metropole Hotel he would have heard people speak volubly and fearlessly of politics or any other subject. When his telephone rings and no one answers on the other end of the line he is ready to assume that someone is checking up on him, and it does not occur to him that it might be a result of the very bad telephone service in Moscow. He dislikes the inefficiency of the Russians, and he almost loathes the Park of Rest and Culture. In one place he speaks of it as "the confounded park." There is much in Russia that he regards as feudal and unworthy of emulation.

The Russians, of course I mean the leaders of the Revolution, who had to fight a civil war in rags and with sunflower mush as their food, and who had to build gigantic steel plants in the midst of a furious conflict with the peasantry on black bread and cabbage soup, are at this stage of the Revolution concerned more with the entrenchment of their power and the solution of the problem of production, than with immediate rights and tolerances. They are aware, perhaps too much so, of the warnings of Marx and Lenin that leniency made possible the slaughter of the French Commune.

In my judgment it is an error to appraise the Russian Revolution in terms of immediate events and practices. The introduction of the secret ballot and the abolition of all discriminations against people of the wrong social origin, cruel penalties as long as they lasted, testify to a flexibility which seems to have escaped Wilson. Nor is it amiss to point out that the old Soviet literary slogans, which apostles of proletarian literature in this country still cherish as almost divine revelation, are now rotting in Russia from sheer disuse. Wilson could not have helped observing the immense popularity of such "proletarian" writers as Pushkin, Tolstoy, and Shakespeare. Eleven million copies of Tolstoy's books have been sold since the advent of the Revolution.

Yet only unthinking doctrinaires will read into Wilson's criticisms, harsh as they sometimes are, a repudiation of the Revolution. He never questions aims. It is only certain methods that repel him. He sees both hope and nobility in the Revolution. He likes the emphasis that it puts on the common man. He is comforted that nobody in Russia "tries to sell you anything." He admires the spirit of camaraderie between the police, or the militia as the Russians speak of them, and the public. He is happy that literature has great prestige, and that even "factories have their book stores." Above all he admires the human heroism that the Revolution has called forth. Indeed, to Wilson the failings of the Revolution are more than overbalanced by its triumphs.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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American Literature and the American Tradition

AMERICAN literature is again in controversy, but from a new angle. At last the clear implication of the new social values which everywhere are being put upon education are becoming evident. Is it right that American literature should remain the "orphan child" of the curriculum? We quote from an article in *The English Journal*, written by Howard Mumford Jones, and with reference also to a fuller statement by him in the May number of *American Literature*.

We have consistently neglected, so he thinks, the cultural importance of American literature. The theory in our colleges has been that American is a branch of English literature, and that as a branch well up and out on the tree it should be regarded. Hence it is not only possible, it is probable, that the American university student, either as an undergraduate preparing for life, or as a graduate student preparing to teach, will go through his educative years with only a minimum acquaintance with his own literature. Statistics from university curricula demonstrate this fact only too readily. The student for whom literature is a minor will do well if he gets so much as an elementary survey course; the student who specializes in English must fit his American studies as a minor (with French and German) into his major in English literature taken as a whole.

Well, why not? Professor Jones's reasons are cogent, though we can only generalize them here. Literature is not only a humanity in the abstract with relations to human nature wherever found. It is specifically the background, the culture, the esthetic and intellectual tradition of a race or a nation. But what is the "tradition" of race and of nation in America? Predominantly British still in many of its forms, nevertheless when regarded as the possession of individuals it has been brought from all the great Western races. The cultural ancestry of the American is not only British, it is German, French, Irish, Slav, Italian, Jewish, Russian, Scandinavian, Spanish. If there is a unity of culture it must be found either in a typically English culture imposed with the language, or in a literature which we composite Americans have ourselves made.

Has the imposition of a British literary culture been one hundred percent, has it been fifty percent successful? Ask the teachers, ask the students, ask the writers, ask the publishers. Note the statistics published last week as to the reading habits of students in New York high schools, usually supposed to rank high in the nation for intelligence and intellectual maturity. Their reading of books is 70% in fiction, mostly "light fiction;" their reading of newspapers is 50% in the tabloids, and specializes in the sports, comics, and the fluff and flim flam of the lighter pages. Such literary training as they have does not seem to "take." Nor will the statistics of extra-curriculum college reading yield much comfort.

Look at it in all ways but one, and the conclusion to be drawn seems inevitable. The literature which is *our* background, which is alive as a tradition among us now, is minimized in our educational system in favor of a literature that is broader, greater, but which does not contain those intimacies of thought, those vitamins of emotional reaction, those strands of opinion that are woven into the context of American life as it is today. That Addison is as good a writer as Emerson, that Pope is a better writer than Whitman, few will deny. But if the subject for cultural injection is an American whose ancestry is English-German-Irish, or Slav-Jewish, or Scandinavian-Teutonic, whose intellectual ancestry in an English-speaking country is involved in the currents of thought and circumstance that made Jefferson, Jackson, the Civil War, and Theodore Roosevelt, it is clear that, socially considered, his indispensables are most likely to be found in the American authors.

It is possible to look at all this differently, provided that we deny the importance of the social aspects of literature. Suppose that we say, let us put the young American in touch with the best —be it Shakespeare, be it Goethe, be it Homer—and allow him to take care afterwards of the relationships to his own culture. That was, essentially, the theory of classical education in England before the mid-nineteenth century, where study was of Latin and Greek, and English literature was never mentioned in academic halls. But these English boys came from homes saturated in an English tradition. They did not come to the university to learn their national humanities; they came for discipline and discrimination. America, with only a century and a half of national existence, and a population drawn from a dozen tongues, is in no such position. Our schools and universities must inculcate the American tradition or that tradition will remain composite, unrealized, and ineffective as a social force. Nor, as Professor Jones further states, in arguing that American literature should get (as fortunately it deserves) its place in the American sun, is it necessary to attack the values of the great literature from which ours has descended and of which it is a variant. All education must be a compromise among the conflicting claims of many values. But the compromise must be based upon a realistic conception of vital needs. We can afford specialists in Chaucer, Shakespeare, and old French; we cannot afford to neglect Shakespeare (who is ours in the ancestral line of our British-moulded culture) or Virgil, or Dickens; but to put our own literature on the same plane of optional study as Italian, or the minor Elizabethan dramatists, or the poetry of Scotland, is illogical, and—let us join with Professor Jones in saying frankly—at the worst prejudicial to the American mind, at the least absurd.

Jules Romains

The two most important enterprises in fiction now in progress are the "Joseph and His Brothers" of Thomas Mann, analyzed by Willa Cather in this number of the *Review*, and the "Men of Good Will" of Jules Romains, who is now in New York. The wide scope of the modern novel is well illustrated by these two works. Mann, having anatomized the mind of this generation in "The Magic Mountain," now goes back to the abysses of primitive psychology in the attempt to write the history of what we have become. Romains deals with society as a whole, and beneath this his insight extends to the nature of personality. Both men demand great canvases, both works give evidence that fiction is able to synthesize the secrets of humanity where the analyses of science leave only dead facts.

Ten Years Ago

On June 5th, 1926, *The Saturday Review* published a provocative essay called "Science and Poetry," by I. A. Richards, which attracted considerable attention both in these columns and later when it appeared in his book of the same name. That issue also contained a highly favorable review of C. E. Montague's "Rough Justice" by Edward Davison who wrote that the novel was of *"vital interest,"* with *"few peers in modern fiction."*

Montgomery Belgion reviewed "Two or Three Graces" by Aldous Huxley in this number; he wondered what Huxley might produce, *"given the right stimulus"* and the opportunity to *"slough off the Oxford manner."* Mr. Huxley's latest novel, "Eyeless in Gaza," is announced for July.

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Letters to the Editor: *The Trouble with Modern Poetry; Whitman's Reputation in Europe*

Baffled, Irritated, and Bored

SIR:—I cannot resist the temptation to put in one word apropos of Elizabeth Drew's delightful and wise essay on modern poetry. It seems to me that there is a positive degree in the reaction of many people to modern poetry that she doesn't quite state (though it is implied). Readers *are* baffled, irritated, put off, mystified, as she says; but besides all that, they are ultimately and positively bored. And this boredom is not due only to the poetry's obscurity, but to other qualities just as definite. Most of us are bored by people who pity themselves, who seem to have no humor, who talk about themselves endlessly and irrelevantly, and who stalk gloomily, disdainfully, and yet theatrically through the world without making any effort to communicate intelligently with the rest of us. And much of the poetry of the new schools is all too like a session with persons of that sort. Furthermore, the boredom results because we come to a poem with a certain sort of expectation—one which too often turns out to be a vain one in the case of today's more available poetry; we expect poetry to carry a certain charge—some intrinsic potency of its own that heightens the quality of life and ideas at the moment we meet it. It should have an intensifying power; and it should have also the miraculous ability to keep that power unimpaired no matter how often a reader goes back to the poem. (A volume could well be written on just what the causes of this miraculous quality in great poetry are.) But for two reasons at least, much of the modern poetry that gets itself talked about fails to carry or give that charge. One reason is that the obscurity prevents the poem from really "getting across." Another is that the architectonics of this poetry is either very weak or nonexistent. The poetry does not seem to stand on its own feet as a created thing with an intrinsic, self-sufficient vitality. And one of the fairly sure results is boredom, pure and simple—and that, among people who are not naturally bored by good poetry.

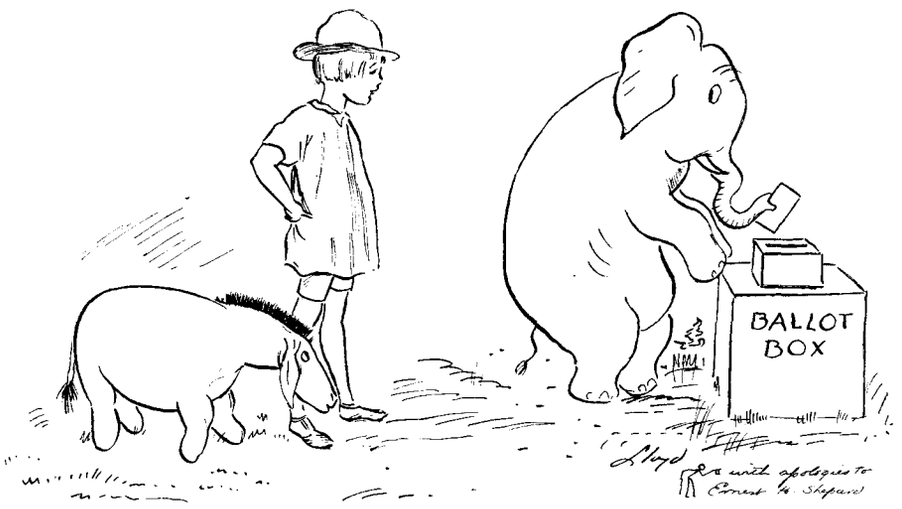
KATHARINE S. HAYDEN SALTER.
Madison, Wis.

"Leaves of Grass" Abroad

SIR:—Students of Walt Whitman frequently meet a statement reputed to have been made by an European man of letters on a visit to the United States. An interviewer requested the visitor to give his impressions of the foremost American poet. "That," he replied, "would have no meaning for you, since I have found your countrymen very generally densely ignorant of your greatest poet, Walt Whitman." George Brandes, the Danish historian of European literature, has been credited with the reply above quoted. Also the late George Moore. As I am working on the reactions of Europeans to Whitman and his "Leaves of Grass," I will be grateful to any of your readers who may be able to supply me with bibliographic references touching the statement in question.

American students of Whitman may be interested to learn that a new Russian translation (the tenth) of "Leaves of Grass" was recently published by the State Publishing Office for Belles Lettres, Leningrad, 1935, pp. 232. It is edited and translated by K. Chaukovsky, a well known writer of children's stories. Another American book, from the same press, is the tales of Edgar Allan Poe, edited and translated into Russian by Sergi Dinamov.

WILL S. MONROE.
Couching Lion Farm,
Waterbury, Conn.



CHRISTOPHER ROBIN—MR. MILNE QUOTING—
SAID, "HOW DO YOU THINK THAT THE HEFFALUMP'S VOTING?"
Addenda to Literature: Number 9.

A Dooley Omnibus

SIR:—Mr. T. A. Daly has well named "Mr. Dooley" the (half) forgotten (funny) man. You have rendered your readers a service by publishing those articles of your own and of Mr. Daly's, in which delightful memories are awakened from a too long sleep.

Now there is one more service you should render. In this day of good and not so good omnibus volumes, you should lead a crusade to demand, of whatever publisher holds the rights thereto, an omnibus volume of "Mr. Dooley's" matchless observations. Surely that would be a "treasury of words," and possibly a best-seller (if that opprobrious term will attract a publisher).

Why not ask your public for any expression of opinion, at least, if you doubt the value of this suggestion?

ALBERT E. EBERMAN.
Bethlehem, Pa.

Carpers

SIR:—Our usual enjoyment of the *SRL* has, on two occasions recently, been disturbed. First, we carp at a book-reviewer who uses the term "without benefit of clergy," when what he meant was "unmarried." If he does not know the meaning of this phrase, he should not be writing book reviews. If he does know the meaning of the phrase, and insists on the absurd usage, he should be prevented, forcibly if necessary, from writing anything. If he quotes from Kipling for his justification, put him on trial for his life, without benefit of clergy.

Our second carp is at Madam Kingsley, who this week pronounced Arkwright the inventor of the spinning jenny. Either she or the Encyclopaedia Britannica should be set right on this point. This prejudice of hers is the one flaw in an otherwise grand and noble nature. Even if you should employ one-hundred-percent illiterate reviewers, we would continue to buy the *SRL* for her puzzles, which are our weekly joy.

MAUD W. WARDLE.
ROSEMARY WARDLE.
Grand' Mère, Quebec.

Breeches Bible

SIR:—I am preparing a volume on the English Geneva (Breeches) Bible, and would like to hear from persons in New England who have editions or other material which may help to determine how long the Geneva Bible persisted in use in the Churches of New England. I shall be grateful if my attention is directed to evidences of rivalry in Colonial days between the Geneva Bible and the new King James version.

GEORGE H. HARTWIG.
Blair, Nebraska.

Europeans in the U. S.

SIR:—We are trying to locate as many as possible of the large number of diaries of European travellers who passed through the eastern United States between 1683 and 1836, and shall greatly appreciate any references to such documents. We are especially interested in the Hudson Highland region. Please communicate with the writer c/o The Black Rock Forest, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

H. H. TRYON, *Director.*

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Invitations to the Voyage

BY KATHERINE WOODS

IT may be a coincidence, but I think not. I think that in the travel books published in this country, in this spring of 1936, we really have an encouraging sign of the times; and that for more than one reason. In the first place, this season offers us, for the first time in some years, a varied collection of travel books* which are actually addressed to travellers. It must be, then, that publishers, who are canny folk, expect to find once more a public which can afford both to travel and to buy books. And not only that: these books of this spring season presuppose on the part of their readers, as prospective travellers, intelligence, taste, good-will, and a genuine interest in what they are about to see. The books are written, moreover, from a background of culture, out of workmanlike research, with real skill, and with both charm and dignity. Most of the books listed below, with the exception of the three which are merely guidebooks, fulfil that ideal purpose, and achieve that difficult task, of being both readable and useful. Nearly all of them, too, are beautifully illustrated. And practically all—this is important—are conceived and accomplished in a spirit of genuine human interest, of intelligent good fellowship. It really is, I take it, a straw which shows that a fresh breeze is blowing, when a spring season can muster once more several books written by and for travellers, and when the books are genuinely good!

For in the old days ("Wasn't Prosperity terrible?") travel books were only infrequently good ones. When everybody travelled, and all the world went abroad to keep up with the Joneses, almost anything got by in the way of a travel book. The phrase "travel book" was used to describe a book of adventure in some far quarter of the globe, or in getting about under difficulties. There were almost no books addressed to travellers; there were almost no travellers; the few genuine "travel books" that were published—mainly about Central and South America—were not notable for their excellence. But all that is changed! Here, suddenly, are some truly excellent travel books.

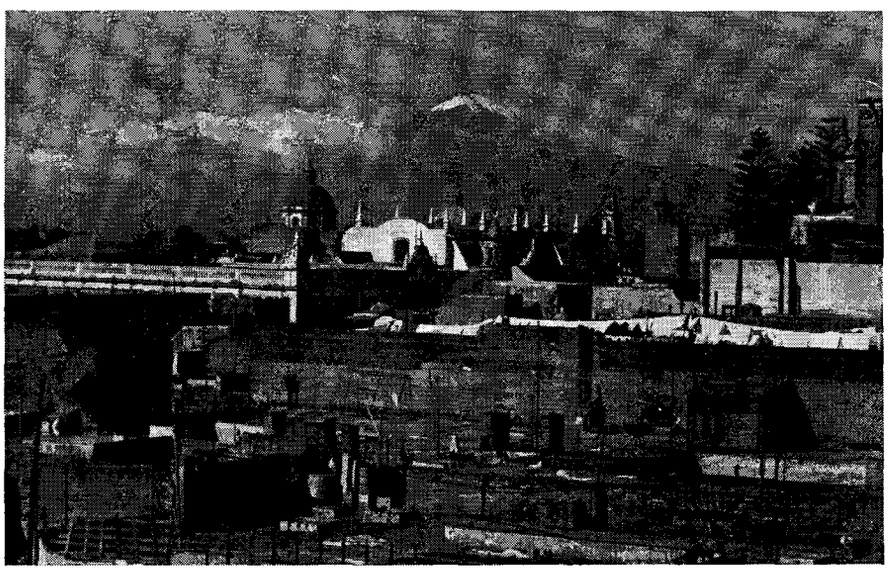
The first one listed here deals zestfully, unconventionally, and delightfully, with a theme that could have been made (and that before this has been made) fairly commonplace. It is the chronicle of an automobile trip to Mexico. And when Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Henry Jackson set out in their car they were neither standardizing their travels nor striving after originality: they were having a good time. They were far more eager to see what they themselves found interesting than to follow in the footsteps of other tourists. And they saw uncounted fascinating things, in consequence, that the average tourist never knows exist. The human thing, always. The different thing. The thing that is characteristic. Beauty here, and there only a sudden strangeness. Ancient things, cheek by jowl with bewildering new upheavals. Nightmare of hybrid architecture, but Diego Rivera to talk with. Real adventure, sometimes, though they followed the new Pan-American Highway and found it good. And the whole journey seen with eyes not only generously open to new sights and oddities and beauty, but quick with laughter. The Jacksons took rooms with a cultivated Mexican family in the capital, and stayed a month, making trips to all the famous sights and to some that were not so famous, meeting a great many people, both Mexican and foreign, learning something about the old regime from its survivors and about the new aspirations from things they heard and saw all about them; in other words, they really *lived* their Mexican interlude. And it follows that when Mr. Jackson writes of it, he can write with a traveller's freshness, yet from a background of real acquaintance instead of like a reporter covering a story. Also, he has a good camera, and he can take pictures. The photographs in his book are superb.

Beside a high-spirited and intelligent book about Mexico, let us be thankful to set an interesting, sympathetic, well-informed, and glowingly beautiful book about France.

In the days when many books about France were being published, the Oakleys' books were conspicuous as good ones; for Amy Oakley's work is always sound and conscientious, and Thornton Oakley's drawings are always both lovely and evocative; but "The Heart of Provence" is the best book they have yet done, and as a travel book it sets a standard which few books of its kind attain. For many years the Oakleys have known and loved this ancient storied land; they really do find the heart of its towns that are so famous, just as they find the villages and hidden spots of beauty and legend that have remained almost unknown. And they stand alongside of Thomas Janvier as Americans to whom the people of Provence are friends. But as a travel book, their newest work is most important because it offers to the general public an intelligent, and very charming, broad view of this entrancing region which is so richly dowered with beauty and with legend, which has been so much visited, and is so little understood.

These two books by Americans are both noteworthy for their human sympathy and interest, which joins hands with lightness and gaiety. In the first of three books about England there is a spell of another kind.

Have you ever thought of England from the sea? "Seas and Shores of England" is a really fascinating study of this "tight little island" as seen along the coasts of



POPOCATAPETL, FROM THE ROOFS OF PUEBLA.
Photograph (by infra-red rays) from "Mexican Interlude."

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* *MEXICAN INTERLUDE. By Joseph Henry Jackson. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1936. $2.50.

THE HEART OF PROVENCE. By Amy Oakley. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1936. $4.

THE SEAS AND SHORES OF ENGLAND. By Edmund Vale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $3.

WALKING IN CORNWALL. By J. R. A. Hockin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $2.50.

ENGLISH PRELUDE. By Marguerite Allis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1936. $3.50.

AWAY TO CAPE BRETON. By Gordon Brinley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1936. $2.50.

GASPÉ THE ROMANTIQUE. By Olive Willett Smith. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1936. $2.

SWEDEN ON FIFTY DOLLARS. NORWAY ON FIFTY DOLLARS. HOLLAND ON FIFTY DOLLARS. By Sydney A. Clark. New York: Robert M. McBride Co. 1936. *Each,* $1.90.

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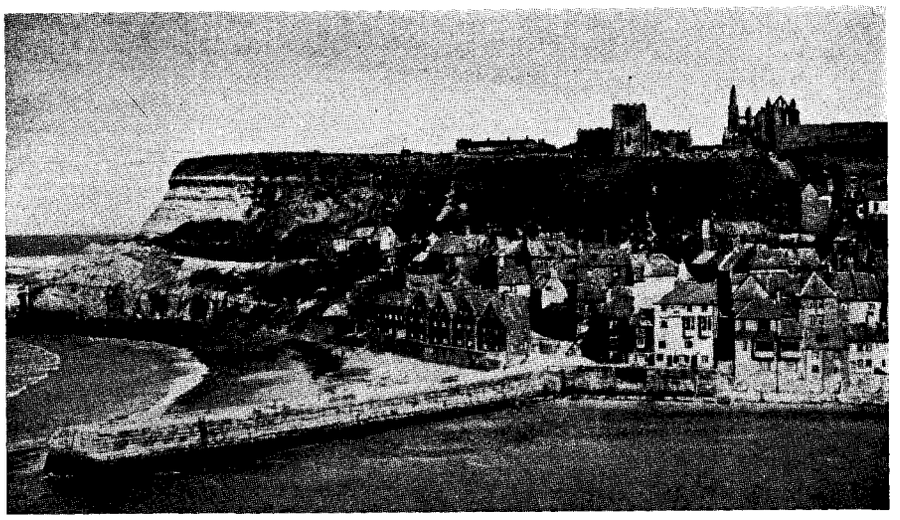

WHITBY, YORKSHIRE: *Looking to the East Cliff and Abbey Ruin. From "The Seas and Shores of England."*

its five seas. Written by an Englishman for an English public, its chapters go into more detail, perhaps, than a foreigner will care always to follow. But the traveller who can make a leisurely trip through England this summer will do well to take this book along. And the stay-at-home in the United States will find a magic, here, of ancient weather-worn romance. The five seas of England are the Irish Sea, St. George's Channel by the Welsh shore, the Severn Sea (rather unfortunately renamed the Bristol Channel), the English Channel itself, and the North Sea. And as we follow the author's loving progress in and out of hidden coves, by wide-shingled bays, around mighty headlands, we shall all of us get, I think, a new sense of England . . . Quietly written, magnificently illustrated, this book is limited in its field, but it is unique. "Walking in Cornwall" might be regarded as a companion volume, in so far as the Cornish coast is concerned. Modestly presented as a guide, it also has in it a good deal of interesting suggestion, ranging from the author's democratic revolt against the private enclosure of any seashore, to the excavations about Castle Dore, which had probably more to do with Tristram and Iseult than ever Tintagel had with King Arthur.

In "English Prelude" Marguerite Allis sets out to visit the English homes of Americans' ancestors and to glimpse as fully as possible the backgrounds from which they came. It is an interesting aim, and in her role as "Pious Pilgrim" Miss Allis has shown her readers most of England in a new way. It may be pointed out, however, that Americans who are interested in their seventeenth-century ancestors scarcely need to be told how to pronounce "Berks" and "Beauchamp," or that Plymouth in England is larger and more important than its Massachusetts namesake!

One of the really interesting developments in travel in recent years has been the awakening of Americans to the rewarding pleasures of *tourisme* in Canada. The Gaspé Peninsula is no unknown land now, and other reaches in the land to the north are there to call us, too. After their charming book, "Away to the Gaspé," Gordon Brinley as author and Putnam Brinley as illustrator have given us a similar volume this year, in "Away to Cape Breton." And here is another new goal! The Brinleys' work is really remarkable in its combination of lightness, informative value, and genuine observation. They are gay, they are sensible, they love beautiful things, they are interested in people. And as they make their way around the perilous Cabot trail, they are most admirably good sports! In "Gaspé the Romantique" a writer who was born on that picturesque peninsula presents much of its beauty, many of its old stories, and the sense of its unspoiled charm, to today's travellers. Both these books are well illustrated, "Away to Cape Breton" with Mr. Brinley's striking and lovely drawings, and "Gaspé the Romantique" with excellent photographs.

And still we can travel in Europe cheaply. Here, untiring, is Sydney A. Clark to show us how.

The "Fifty Dollar Series" of travel guides has already proved its helpfulness to many a tourist, in Europe's most travelled lands. In hailing the appearance of volumes on Sweden, Norway, and Holland, the reviewer hardly needs to say that Mr. Clark sets down facts and figures in most concrete and practical detail. What is more, his books are really interesting, and his information does more than scratch the surface of the countries he writes about. He does well, too, to add suggestions for special trips for those whose budget can be stretched a little, though not much, beyond the fifty-dollar limit. All in all, Mr. Clark is a benefactor, and an educator in ways of travel, as well.

Katherine Woods is the author of "The Other Chateau Country," which is in both England and America the standard book of its kind on the Dordogne region of France.

Loaded with Life

DEATH IS A LITTLE MAN. By Minnie Hite Moody. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

VARIOUSLY Death has been presented as rogue and as gentleman, as dark angel and as grinning imp. And he may be, as Minnie Hite Moody says, a little man. Certainly in the Bottom at the end of Atlanta streets and on Preacher Henry Coade's Georgia farm he was a busy man, as preoccupied with snatching colored folks off to heaven or hell as Southern novelists have been with putting them into books. Little Man and Mrs. Moody together have made a vivid mortuary book strangely loaded with life to be so full of death.

Negroes are not alone in being crowded in living between the oppressively close walls of birthing and dying. But in our times only the very poor live in such crowded intimacy with the beginnings and ends of life. Even the poor now, even the Negroes in the cities, are shutting the screams of women in labor and the rattle of men in death behind the walls of hospitals. But in this story of the passage of the big, black family of Rosella and Henry Coade from safety and security on the land and under the Kine Lawd to dissolution and death in dispersal, Mrs. Moody has drawn in understanding and veraciousness the swift flowering and seeding of Negroes under the dramatic certainties of love and death. In other hands this life might have been a book of horrors or a collection of tragedies, violent, sickening, grotesque. But Mrs. Moody makes life, as her Negroes take life, as it comes, if anything more comic than tragic, wise in folk wisdom, dark in weird folk faiths.

Add the death and violence in "Death Is a Little Man" together and the book has an incredible sound. Take alone the putrid dying of John Tom's wife, Pansy, and the book seems almost retchingly realistic. Follow the swings of Weaver's cantaloupe knife and Mrs. Moody's novel seems concerned with the red violence of black crime. The book is all of these things but none of them. Essentially for all its dramatic, even melodramatic, passages, it is a book of simple people concerned, between the violence of birth and death, with the homely details of living. Death is drama, but life is a matter of a store-bought brass bed, a patched mahogany table, children to be fed and a roof to keep out the rain.

Five years ago this book would undoubtedly have attracted an attention which it deserves now. Indeed, the fact that Mrs. Moody's book is about the Negroes, who have grown commonplace in our fiction, does not alter the fact that her characters are never commonplace and that few have written of the black South with greater understanding.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Folder

Notes on Random Reading

I WAS pleased to see that Mr. Knopf reprints—in his *3-Star Omnibus*—a now classic and deservedly praised detective story, *Trent's Last Case*, by Edmund Clerihew Bentley. But I wondered again, as I did in previous readings of this excellent yarn, at Mr. Bentley's remark (end of chapter VI) that 2 p.m. in London is 10 a.m. in New York. Surely their time-difference is five hours, not four?—The allusion to "the kerbstone market" in New York always fills me with joy; I'm glad Mr. Knopf did not change it to "curb."

The American language as uttered by Mr. Bentley's characters is enormously better than that of most British writers. But no English novelist has ever been flawless in American talk. For instance, Bentley makes Manderson's secretary say "my weakness of not being able to touch any kind of fish-food." Surely it would have been "sea-food." In American usage, "fish-food" would mean not fish as diet but food eaten by the fish themselves.

The fact that *Trent's Last Case* (1913) was inscribed to G. K. Chesterton reminds me of its companion dedication, the fine poem addressed to E. C. Bentley as beneficiary of *The Man Who Was Thursday* (1908). This, I think, was not published in the book to which it referred, but afterward, in Chesterton's *Poems* (1916).—The younger sort probably think of G. K. C. as old hat by now; but what fun it was when we were in college and reading him for the first time.

The *3-Star Omnibus* includes also one of the local hard-boiled racketeer-and-rod type of stories, *Green Ice* (unreadable by me) and then a sound and welcome old J. S. Fletcher, *The Middle Temple Murder* (1919). That also has a line unintendedly amusing to the American reader. Of a rather swanky Member of Parliament it is said: "I know where Mr. Aylmore is always to be found at twelve o'clock. At the A. and P."—Which, in the story, is a fashionable London club.

Puzzled by the Thompson Products ad in the June *Fortune*. "Two Tiny Lights in the Sky," it says, "the red and green wing-tip lights of a transport plane." The colored picture shows an airport doorway at night, and the lights of the approaching ship—the red on the *starboard* wing, the green to *port*. Impossible, surely? The position of the lights in the picture could only mean that the plane was flying *away* from the spectator; and are wing lights visible *from behind*? I ask to know.

From a catalogue of One Hundred Books sent out by the Scribner Book Store (597 Fifth Avenue) I learned:—

That almost the entire first edition of J. M. Keynes's *Economic Consequences of the Peace* (1919) was lost at sea between the printers in Edinburgh and the publishers in London. Won't Mr. Harcourt, the American publisher, let us know how this happened? We'd like to paste the information in our copy.—That H. G. Wells's copy of the first of *Just So Stories* (initialled by Wells on Oct. 17, 1902) is for sale at $75.—That one of the most difficult first editions to find in good condition is (naturally enough) Dr. Emmett Holt's *Care and Feeding of Children* (1894). "The only other first we have ever seen," say Scribners, "was literally in rags." They offer a clean copy for $25. But who on earth would want a pristine unassociated copy of Dr. Holt's grand book? This is folly!—That Edwin Arlington Robinson's *The Children of the Night* (1897) is offered for $125 (a presentation copy). And, for the same price, the English edition (1914) of Robert Frost's *North of Boston*.—A complete set (14 vols.) of the French firsts of Proust's *Recherche* (1913-27) for $350. The cataloguer's note says "Proust's great chronicle enjoys an influence probably unrivalled by any works of the imagination published in this century." I should be interested to know how much of this influence is largely hearsay?—That Captain Marryat's *Jacob Faithful* was published (in book form) in Philadelphia (1834) several months before the London edition appeared. The first edition (3 vols.) is listed at $45. It can also be had in the World's Classics series for 80 cents, and even if you never read it as a youngster you'll still find it notable entertainment. "My beloved *Jacob Faithful*," Thackeray called it. Jacob's description of his mother's death by spontaneous ignition (from drinking too much gin) is a memorable passage of farce.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT

Grand old Dr. B. L. Gildersleeve once wrote in his Brief Mention department of the *American Journal of Philology* a little essay on *Scholarly Occupation During Summer*. "Even when the exigencies of travel," he said, "reduce the apparatus to two or three books, much profit can be gained by communion with one or two authors, large-margined or interleaved for the reporting of observations or fancies. To this end a fresh copy is desirable so that previous notes may not interfere with the directness of vision. The contemplation of a work of art, undisturbed by the impertinences of commentators or one's own previous fancies, is great gain. . . . I might have filled not a few pages with my musings on the Nemeans and Isthmians of Pindar, which I studied a year ago, now in the smoking room of an ocean liner, now in a bustling French watering place—the noisiest resort I ever visited."

Admirable for just such summer meditation would be an interleaved edition of Whitman's *Specimen Days;* which still remains after all these years (published in 1882) perhaps the least-known American classic. (I have said this so often I am almost ashamed to repeat it.)

Malcolm Johnson suggests that admirers of the late Colonel Lawrence will be interested in the following letter, reprinted from a recent issue of *Time and Tide* (London):—

A T. E. Lawrence Memorial

SIR,—The little village of Tremadoc in Caernarvonshire, the birthplace of T. E. Lawrence, is seeking to commemorate its distinction by erecting a monument in its pleasant central square.

It is proposed that this shall take the form of a plain obelisk of grey Welsh limestone on a base suitably inscribed in both English and Welsh, the whole surmounting the old octagonal market steps at present occupied by a cast-iron gas-lamp.

The place further desires to honour its most illustrious son by decking itself with pleached lime trees and assisting in certain other schemes for the improvement of its amenities.

For these projects local subscriptions are already promised, but we, the under-

(*Continued on page* 14)

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Khyber Caravan

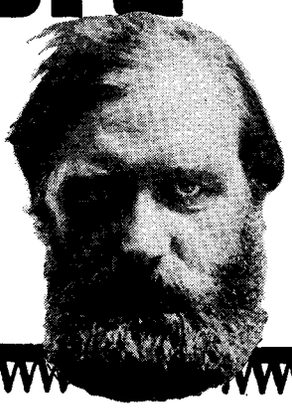
by Gordon Sinclair

"Weird, thrilling and funny experiences garnered during the author's madcap trek through Kashmir, Waziristan, Afghanistan, Baluchistan and northern India." — *NEW YORKER*. "His new book is quite the best."—*N. Y. TIMES*. 316 pages, illustrated with photographs, $3.00.

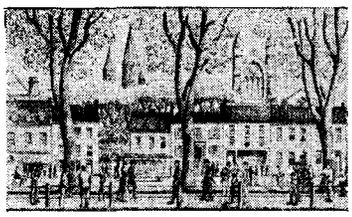
MY LIFE IN THE FROZEN NORTH

Arctic Adventure

by Peter Freuchen



The saga of a T. E. Lawrence of the Arctic. "Almost twenty years of continuous adventure."—*CHICAGO NEWS*. "A two-fisted story which ranks with the best true stories about far places."—*BROOKLYN EAGLE*. "Not since Prester John has anyone lived so fabulously or so fiercely. What a titanic appetite for peril."—*JOSEPH AUSLANDER*. 467 pages, illustrated, $3.50.



Alma Mater

by Henry Seidel Canby

"Rich and savory, wise and true. A real addition to our understanding of America."—*DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER*. "An uncommonly candid memoir of the Gothic Age of college life"—*N. Y. TIMES*. Illustrated by Charles W. Smith. $2.50.

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The story behind the story of The Terror. "The story of a famous whispering campaign that failed. An account of how Jean de Batz attempted to make private war on the whole revolutionary government."—*BOSTON HERALD*. "He does justice to a cruel, dark, active, and romantic life." —*NEW YORKER*. Illustrated. $3.50.

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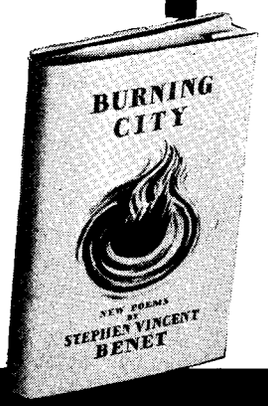

We have the honor to announce the publication of a new collection of poems by the celebrated author of *John Brown's Body, Ballads and Poems*, etc. There are two editions available: a signed, limited edition of 249 copies, handsomely printed, bound, and boxed, at $7.50; and a regular trade edition at $2.00. Both editions include the virile decorations by *Charles Child*.

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The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page* 12)

signed, deem the objects worthy of a wider notice, and would ask those wishing thus to commemorate Lawrence in the place of his birth to send their subscriptions to Mr. R. H. Jones, Treasurer, Tremadoc Lawrence Memorial Fund, Midland Bank, Portmadoc, North Wales, who will duly acknowledge and record the gifts.

Yours, etc.,

JAMES HANLEY, ADRIAN STOKES, AUGUSTUS JOHN, OSWALD THOMAS, ERIC KENNINGTON, SYBIL THORNDYKE, A. W. LAWRENCE, CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS, JOHN COWPER POWYS.

A correspondent is grieved at some road-straightening that has been done lately in one of the most picturesque of Long Island villages. It is only just to say that his memory of the old S-turn hill as it used to be, is slightly idealized: the brook and the ducks are somewhere else. But the sentiment in general is pleasing:—

A Long Islander Looks at Progress

This was a bad hill late at night
Unless you had the moon for light,
One at a time; no room for two—
Before they put the highway through.

We used to like the sudden curves;
You went up slow or took bad swerves
And kept the center line in view—
Before they put the highway through.

It was a double hairpin turn.
You went down slow or brakes would burn
And every bend was something new—
Before they put the highway through.

The grass grew right up to the road
And down the side a brooklet flowed
And ducks stood up and looked at you—
Before they put the highway through.

The other side was a high bank
Where roses climbed up, rank on rank.
They looked and they smelled lovely too—
Before they put the highway through.

Three little cottages were there
Buried in lilac, white and square,
Wisteria clad, a mauvish blue—
Before they put the highway through.

And each one had an outside pump.
You'd hear one sometimes, clank and bump
And crystal cool the water drew—
Before they put the highway through.

There was a great big cock who crowed
If you were early on the road.
He bossed a bold and noisy crew—
Before they put the highway through.

They used to stalk out from the weeds
And buttercups to look for seeds.
Quite slow they crossed in front of you—
Before they put the highway through.

So sometimes we would stop to get
Gold eggs while still the grass was wet
And fifteen cents bought quite a few—
Before they put the highway through.

But now no more. See from the top
A long straight strip without a stop;
No brook, no vale; the hill's gone too—
They've gone and put the highway through.

ROBERT A. SMARIDGE.

Going to Boston at Night

SIR:—In reference to George Gissing's sudden departure from Waltham in 1877, you say, "If Gissing left Waltham suddenly, or any other suburb of Boston, he had to do so before 10 p. m. My experience is that there are never any local trains into Boston late in the evening." I do not know, of course, what may have been true in 1877, but I think that, while the service on most of the local lines of railroad is nothing to be proud of, it is rather too bad to hold up Waltham (which at present has no inbound train after 8.54 p. m., daylight saving time) as typical. Really our average is not so bad as that; a study of the current timetables yields the following particulars as to the last inbound trains from suburban stations on different lines:—

Newton Highlands	10.23	daylight	saving	time
Needham	10.27	"	"	"
Woburn	10.36	"	"	"
Newtonville	10.49	"	"	"
Canton	10.52	"	"	"
Wakefield	10.54	"	"	"
Braintree	11.01	"	"	"
Lynn	11.05	"	"	"

I suspect that a present-day Gissing would cover the three miles between Waltham and Newtonville by bus and would there take the 10.49 train for Boston.

HAROLD S. DAVIS.

Boston.

I'm glad to hear from Mr. Davis that other Boston suburbs are more favorable to the owl-traveller than Waltham. It may be noted however that the times he lists are daylight saving; presumably then these ultimate trains run (by clock) an hour earlier in winter—which (if ever) is the season when one might wish to be in Boston at night?

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 114)

SWIFT: "AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION."

This degeneracy of conversation, with the pernicious consequences thereof upon our humours and dispositions, has been owing . . . to the custom arisen, for some time past, of excluding women from any share in our society.

A Middle Class Elegy

GIVE US THIS DAY. By Louis Zara. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THE people with whom Louis Zara concerns himself in his second novel are members of the harried middle class, which is even now being ushered out of existence by its friends and enemies alike. We have had a great many recent novels and treatises devoted to the glad farewell. Some have spoken in anger, some in exhortation, but Mr. Zara's book is elegiac. It is tender and analytical by turns.

The story is centered about Thomas Brabant and his son Charles, of French descent, honest, vigorous, self-respecting folk. They are master bakers, and devote to that profession a tireless, proud integrity that we associate these days only with the so-called higher professions. They are one with their craft. Their lives, in the early 1900's and up to the present decade, are presented in consummate detail, idyllic in peace and good will, redolent with the smell of warm bread, the heat of the ovens, the dough in the pans. Mr. Zara's faithful realism in this early section is thrice valuable because it gives us the picture quite free from any premonitory shadows, as free as they themselves were. Here is the middle class certainty, written large, that virtue is assurance enough of good fortune. It is for this reason that the rapid decline is so especially shocking. Is it the coming of labor-saving machinery that first undermines them? They meet that easily enough, but then in rapid succession there is the whip of cheap competition, the organization of chain bakeries, the financial depression, the collapse of their trade. To face these they can bring to bear only their good will, now futile, and their craftsmanship, now unwanted. Perhaps the most telling incident of all is that near the end, when Charles, himself unemployed and starving, begs for the establishment of a community bakery, and for permission to apply his craft to the feeding of the thousands on relief. The project is thwarted by the protest of the industrial bakers, that such free baking would be unfair competition with private industry.

I do not mean to suggest that Mr. Zara has written a novel filled with social argument. His first interest is obviously in the characters of the chronicle. The story is completely theirs. It is because they are so perfectly realized and their fate so clearly stated, without blame or apology, that we see in it the fate of a whole stratum, which they symbolize. It may be that Mr. Zara's voice will be drowned out for a time, by others who shout the same things with greater passion, but he will eventually be heard, and valued.

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France's greatest living novelist

writes a flaming, passionate novel of the human spirit triumphant in a world gone mad...

IN a powerful prose, full of emotional reverberations and gorgeous imagery, André Malraux has related in this short novel a new episode in the epic of revolution into which his work is shaping. His three earlier novels —*The Royal Way, The Conquerors,* and *Man's Fate*— had their setting in the Far East. With this novel Malraux turns to the European scene, to Nazi Germany The events of the novel cover only a few days in point of time—yet they are surcharged with excitement, with the sense of tremendous things, with overtones of the whole future . . . What Malraux especially attempts to do is to define the type of personal courage that is appropriate to and valid for our time. He sings the strength of man, his will to conquer suffering and hatred, to shape his life, to create beauty and achieve peace in spite of personal suffering and national degradation. Translated from the French by HAAKON M. CHEVALIER. $1.75.

DAYS OF WRATH

by André Malraux

author of MAN'S FATE

A SELECTION FOR JUNE OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

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An American artist's story of how he bought himself a ship and sailed north in search of blondes, seals and adventure . . . "As uncommon and entertaining a sea chest full of stories as you will open this year, full of sacred and profane drawings and photographs."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* "So unusual as to be startling." — *Saturday Review of Literature.* Over 100 illustrations, $3.75.

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The New Books

Biography

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By Thomas Wright of Olney. Scribners. 1936. $4.50.

Mr. Thomas Wright of Olney is an indefatigable "researcher" and archivist, and from the enormous amount of material he has assembled he has compiled a succession of biographies, all useful, all put together in singularly clumsy fashion. The latest of these is about Dickens. Mr. Wright is not so much a biographer as a chronicler. His chapters have for titles a succession of dates, and the sub-divisions of each chapter are marked by dates and places of residence and titles of books. Upon these pegs are strung an almost endless quantity of facts —sheer, bare, dry facts. If we wish to know where Dickens was, with whom he was associating, what he was writing, what publishing on a particular day, consult Mr. Wright. Consult him also if you wish to identify places or characters in the novels with actual places and the real people from whom Dickens drew his streets and houses, his genre-pieces, and the dramatis personæ of his books. But do not go to this book if you are in quest of the analysis of character and motives and human relationships. It is quite lacking in psychological finesse. The attempts at literary criticism which from time to time interrupt the ledger-like record are painfully jejune. The illustrations are lavish in number and generally fresh and interesting.

S. C. C.

Fiction

THE OCEAN. By Paul Nizovoy. Harpers. 1936. $2.50.

Students and critics are anxiously watching post-revolutionary trends in Russian art, music, and literature. A Soviet writer who desired publication has had to conform to an official censorship which not merely forbade criticism of the present regime but required the individual artist to sing hymns of praise of its political and economic system. The seriousness of such a handicap has been evident in the poor quality of the post-revolutionary literature, but here is "The Ocean," a novel, which gives evidence of the lifting of the censorship. It is a character study of a genuine human being who never has to assume the actor's role for the purpose of communist propaganda.

"The Ocean" is a vigorously and carefully drawn portrait of a man born and bred with the love and fear of the sea running through his veins. Nikolai Petrovitch William withdrew from his fellow creatures, from the sourness and monotony of the life of the village, in order that he might take root with the wildness of nature on the shore of the Arctic Ocean. There he found his measure of happiness and the satisfaction which came with the sense of his own power as he wrested food from the air and sea, and struggled to maintain shelter in the frozen north.

It is not difficult to understand why the book has been a "best seller" in Moscow since its first publication there about three years ago. It has literary value and the Russians would be the first to recognize the artistic success of the novel. Furthermore, it is exciting. On the other hand, the present reviewer does not find any indication in "The Ocean" of the effort to "re-establish the continuity of the Russian literary tradition" which Edmund Wilson has recently reported as a present aim of the soviets. As a Russian novel it appears unique,—rather more akin to recent narratives in this and Scandinavian countries which depict a return-to-the-soil movement on the part of the individual, an urge and a search for an existence which no group and no social structure have power to hinder.

M. G.

DAUGHTERS OF ALBION. By Alec Brown. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.75.

Here is none of your two-hour novels, no expanded short story to be gulped in a single evening. Mr. Brown takes almost seven hundred double-sized pages to tell his tale, and there is not a page too many. His canvas is large and his figures life-size; each of the five Etcham girls is material for a novel in herself. There is Cynthia, with her struggle to make her life and her ability count for something, Irene, and her bitter-sweet romance with Doushan, the Serbian peasant's son, and Muriel, whose marriage to a minister ends in disillusion. Charlotte, too, finds her Jimmy a bit less than the substance of things hoped for.

It is only Mary, the youngest sister, whose search for an integrity and purpose in life ends happily. One feels behind these five stories, deftly intertwined into a single larger narrative, the vitiating background of a society in decay, a social order no longer creating but engaged merely in a struggle to perpetuate itself in an era of change. The author is aware of the sociological as well as the social scene. Two things are admirable about his book, its sustained readability and the insight which informs it and makes it something more than sheer absorbing fiction.

W. M. S. III.

Miscellaneous

FIASCO IN ETHIOPIA. By Wynant Hubbard. Harpers. 1936. $2.75.

The reader who hopes to find in this book some explanation of why the Ethiopian warriors, favored with seemingly impregnable mountain terrain, did not stand to fight the Italian invader, will be sadly disappointed. To the author, fiasco in Ethiopia was not failure to attempt any real defense of Ethiopia but the quarrels among newspaper correspondents who, virtually imprisoned in Addis Ababa, never did reach the front in what in the end scarcely attained the dignity of a backwoods brawl.

Never engaged in newspaper work, Mr. Hubbard succeeded in getting from Hearst an assignment in Ethiopia wholly on the score of residence in Rhodesia. Reaching Addis Ababa he discovered that strange rivalry where correspondents of morning and afternoon newspapers under one management engage in childish warfare among themselves. In this the Hearst service is not exceptional but rather typical and Mr. Hubbard found himself taking arms against a sea of troubles very different from those he came so far to see. That the correspondents in Addis virtually got nowhere was not owing to the fiasco of which Mr. Hubbard writes but to the fiasco that remains unwritten.

Of course a book such as this, so passing in its interest, so detailed in its personalities, can lay no claim to distinction. Newspapermen will find it an old, old story; the average reader, uninterested in the shadows of strange things that happened in Ethiopia, will always look for the substance that never materializes in these pages.

H. A. L.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

In the absence of new detective novels this week, the Criminal Record takes the opportunity to list seven of the six best detective stories of the just extinct spring. They appear in order of publication.

KEEP IT QUIET. *By Richard Hull.* Putnams, $2. (*Reviewed January* 4.)

GAUDY NIGHT. *By Dorothy Sayers.* Harcourt, Brace, $2.50. (*Reviewed February* 22.)

THE CASE OF THE SLEEP-WALKER'S NIECE. *By Erle Stanley Gardner.* Morrow, $2. (*Reviewed March* 21.)

MR. SMITH'S HAT. *By Helen Reilly.* Crime Club, $2. (*Reviewed April* 4.)

THE RUBBER BAND. *By Rex Stout.* Farrar and Rinehart, $2. (*Reviewed April* 18.)

THE FEATHER CLOAK MURDERS. *By D. & H. Teilhet.* Crime Club, $2. (*Reviewed May* 2.)

FLOWERS FOR THE JUDGE. *By Margery Allingham.* Doubleday, Doran, $2. (*Reviewed May* 9.)

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The advertisement at the right appeared in the N. Y. *Times* on May 17th. Since then LET THE KING BEWARE! has reached far into the consciousness of the intelligent reading public. From the many fine reviews which have helped spread word of its success, we quote briefly:

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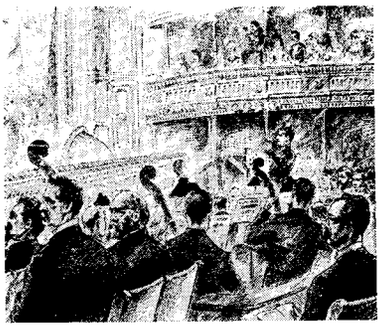
The AMEN CORNER



"1645 EVELYN *Mem.* June, This night [at Venice] . . . we went to the Opera where comedies and other plays are represented in recitative musiq . . ., with variety of sceanes painted . . ., and machines for flying in the aire, . . . one of the most magnificent and expensive diversions the wit of man can invent."[1]

Nearly three centuries have passed since Evelyn went to the Opera in Venice; but the expensiveness of opera is one of the chief points of Irving Kolodin's book *The Metropolitan Opera, 1883-1935*,[2] which the Oxford University Press published the other day at the beginning of the Metropolitan's Supplementary Season. In fascinating detail he has traced the history of the celebrated institution from the day when a handful of New York capitalists with social ambitions seceded from the old Academy of Music in order to build a new house with more boxes down to the retirement of Gatti-Casazza and the beginning of the new régime.

The picture above our quotation is from the jacket and shows a scene at a performance of *Lohengrin* in the Eighties, conducted by the youthful Walter Damrosch. (*Lohengrin*, the Oxonian learned from Mr. Kolodin's invaluable tables of performances and casts at the end of his volume, has been given 238 times in 46 seasons, a record surpassed only by *Aïda* with 265 in 44 seasons.)

But there is more than information. Mr. Samuel Chotzinoff writes in the *New York Evening Post:* ". . . Such a book was indeed inevitable. But it is a matter for gratification that so astute a critic and so patient a musicologist as Mr. Irving Kolodin was moved to write it . . . a very good buy . . . Mr. Kolodin is a constructive historian, who both presents and interprets his facts. A provocative book . . . in which the American scene of the last half century expresses itself vividly through the chronicle of a single lyric theatre. It will remain a source book for the musical curious, and a rich slice of Americana for students of our native psychology. Mr. Kolodin deserves a Pulitzer Prize for his achievement, or, perhaps, something even better."

By an interesting coincidence the Oxonian was looking through another new book, *Predicaments or Music and the Future*,[3] by Cecil Gray (whose *Survey of Contemporary Music*[3] everybody knows) and lighted on a passage in which Mr. Gray concludes that "it is only reasonable to infer that in spite of everything that can be brought against opera . . . it satisfies some imperious aesthetic need of humanity which no other form of art can satisfy."

THE OXONIAN.

(1) Article *Opera* in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, 13 vols., $125.00. Prospectus on request. 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. (2) $3.75. (3) $3.00.

The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

"PHASES of the Moon" is a book of poetry by *Charlotte Wilder*, one of the sisters of the famous *Thornton*, which should have had attention in this department before this. It is published by Coward-McCann, and is indubitably the work of a superior intelligence. To be absolutely frank I have found it a bit cryptic throughout. The phrase the publishers use for it, "a psychic narrative," is a good one. In every way the book is an innovation; in the relation of the parts to the whole, in the manner of dealing with the subconscious in the development of a life, in the very typographical arrangement on the printed page. There are "Words of Annotation" at the end that somewhat clarify the intention. The whole work is intensely subjective, fundamentally honest, and should particularly interest psychiatrists. In the unfolding of the inner conflict in this particular temperament, one finds a good deal that comes home to one's own breast. That constitutes for me the book's chief interest. It is to be read as a whole. The progression is from sterility toward affirmation. It is not too easy to follow. It demands your close attention. I myself wish Miss Wilder could be clearer. But then I wish *Mr. W. H. Auden*, for instance, could be clearer. The other night I attended his "The Dance of Death" at the Adelphi, upon the mounting of which *Alfred Kreymborg* had expended so much effort as supervising manager of the Federal Poetic Theatre. The performance, I thought, did Alfred and everybody else considerable credit. Mr. Auden's exposition of the living death in the upper middle class leaps from point to point like a mountain goat, turns somersaults, grins through a horse-collar, flashes into a moment of beauty, suddenly shouts with anger, and then goes haywire again. For all that I had a very good time, once I had resigned myself to the phantasmagoria of it all. Certainly the dancing, or rather posturing, of Barry Mahool had its magnificent moments and plastic elegance. The music seemed satisfying, the cast well-trained. Auden's mind is beyond question a fertile and interesting one. Lyrically he is often astonishingly wooden and unclever—and I still think that he has much to learn concerning the organization of his material. He is a careless sort of writer. He depends too much on his flashes of brilliance. More genuinely hard work on "The Dance of Death" and he would have got a far more significant thing out of it. As it is, it is an experiment worth seeing. You can't get it all at once, naturally; but it suggests a new type of theatrical production that may put forth much good fruit. As something almost entirely static (I mean intellectually, not in the direction) *Eliot's* "Murder in the Cathedral" impressed me, and the public response to it was extraordinary. But in the Auden attempt we have life in motion, the present and a possible future, the irony of the times and the panic of pleasure. Therefore I think that, beautiful and noble as some of the writing in the À Becket play is, the Auden production is more stimulating to the mind, and of greater contemporary significance. I hope Mr. Kreymborg may have all possible support for his Poetic Theatre. He deserves it and he is distinctly the man who can do intelligent things with it if he gets some leeway. One thing the poets could do in memory of Poetry Week would be to see the show.

A book I am interested in is one just published by Walter Drey in this city, the trade selling agents for it being Baker & Taylor at 55 Fifth Avenue. The book is "Hall Bedroom," by *Herbert Bruncken*, and it bears on its jacket a well-deserved tribute from *Padraic Colum*. He avers that Mr. Bruncken "is one of the very few who can write about metropolitan life and make it poetic on its own terms." I remember one summer at Peterboro, N. H., being impressed by hearing Mr. Bruncken read some of his poems aloud. This book is not a large one but it contains careful and thoughtful work with the tang of originality. "Lazarus Silverloom" and "Sister Maria" are remarkable poems! The keynote of this book is city loneliness and it becomes terrible in the fantasy of Silverloom. Mr. Colum points out that Mr. Bruncken establishes the lonely furnished room of the poor once for all as a poetic fact. For the two poems mentioned, if for no others, you should read "Hall Bedroom," but the book is compact and well-knit and you will make a mistake if you do not seek it out. *Helen Cornelius's* book of poems, "In Tract of Time" (Oxford Press), bears an introduction by *Leonard Bacon*. The wife of a university professor, this poet died three years or so ago, but had arranged this selection from her own verse a few months before her death. One does not have to read far into the book to perceive an innate distinction of phrase. Her poems are cunningly wrought and close-packed.

APOSTROPHE TO FAITH

Salamander,
The Dark Ages' wonder,
Made fire and become faith,
Serpent none nor lizard
Grafted to the sanded wall,
Familiar of the wizard,
Whisper of the Kabbalists—
Now beyond their fall
And spiritual death
No longer legend, no more persists
Save in the dayless crypt,
Out of the glowing lichen slipped
And lost from the wavy brook,
You that were a king's boast
Over his gate, before his ghost,
Of conquests that he took;
You the fiery element,
Beyond nymph and gnome
And sylph of the airy dome,
Lie like ashes scattered and spent,
Or lowly, darkly wander,
Golden Salamander.

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The critics have been so generous in their praise of

Death is a Little Man

by MINNIE HITE MOODY

that readers of *The Saturday Review* may appreciate this publisher's digest of what has been said about it:

"Minnie Hite Moody reveals herself not only as a gifted new writer but as an uncommonly versatile one. The portrait of Eenie, the chronicle of her life from its beginning to a climactic moment in early middle age, emerges for us as something real and vital, amazingly compounded of the childish and heroic."
—Margaret Wallace, NEW YORK TIMES

"A very beautiful book of a humble woman. And, in its writing, nearly a masterpiece! Rhythm and beauty it has; swiftness of drama; a noble simplicity of prose; dignity and power. No book that has come out of the South seems to me more vitally true, more nobly just."
—EMMA GARRETT MORRIS

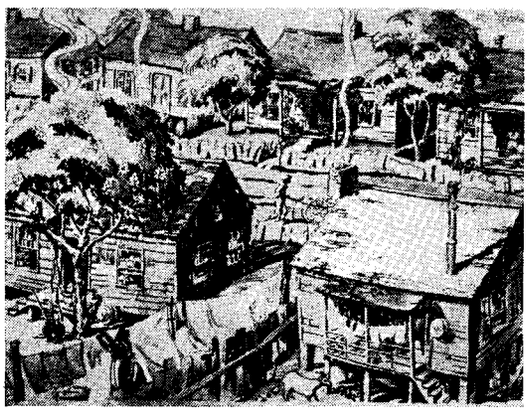
"Last night I read *Death Is a Little Man* through without stopping. It is indeed most beautiful and affecting. The human drama it unfolds has a compelling power over mind and heart. . . . I just couldn't put it down and I cannot forget it. What strange and beautiful loyalties people like Eenie are bound by! I am filled with admiration for Miss Moody's art and more moved than I can say by this lovely, poetic, agitating story."
—Jane Judge, SAVANNAH NEWS

"It is a distinguished piece of work."
—BURTON RASCOE

"I have found it both authentic and moving. Eenie is a heroine not easy to forget, and the fortunes of the various members of her family furnish forth a tale of tragic beauty. The vernacular is convincing and extremely expressive, and there is a truly heroic quality to this novel of simple-hearted and suffering humanity."*—WILLIAM ROSE BENET.*

"Eenie is an unforgettable character. There is a closer analogy to PORGY than to any other story I can recall."
—VIRGINIA KIRKUS

"A gentle, quietly beautiful book, equally rich in color and charm and significance."*—EMILY WOODWARD.*



"An imaginative, often almost poetic piece of work, in spite of its pattern of extreme simplicity. . . . Its plot consists of the unending routine of painful birth and saddening death, of simple joy and touching sorrow. The individuality and appeal of the book lie in its style, which in many ways reminds one of NOW IN NOVEMBER and LAMB IN HIS BOSOM."
—Marion C. Dodd, BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH-CLUB NEWS

"Rape, murder and sudden death—they are all included in *Death Is a Little Man,* and yet there is a persistent gentleness, a simple acceptance of all human experience, that breathes into the story from the first chapter to the end."
—Mona Williams, PACIFIC WEEKLY

"Sound, touching, and true."
—DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

"A very fine book. It reads like the epic of a fragment of a race—a race which you will like better because you will understand it better, when you have read this book. . . . She presents the characters, as a good novelist should, as large as life itself and twice as clear."*—Florence Haxton Britten, N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE*

Though DEATH IS A LITTLE MAN may never be *the* best seller, it will always be available at your book shop. It's that kind of book. The price is $2.50. And it is proudly published by JULIAN MESSNER, INC., of 8 West 40th Street, New York.

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THE LAST PURITAN

Ballade of A Persistent Best Seller

Although living waxes annually tougher,
And the future looms indubitably drear;
Though the civilized amenities must suffer
From the barnacles of bigotry and fear,
Yet I will not be a-weeping in my beer
While the Muses rule securely on Parnassus;
Nay, I'm cherishing this molecule of cheer:
Santayana's been discovered by the masses!

What with military moguls getting rougher,
And the demagogues a-goging in my ear,
Or that dull and unimaginative duffer
To whom bards seem psychologically queer,
My discouragement has deepened year by year.
Still, are citizens unanimously asses?
Take a look at what can happen over here:
Santayana's been discovered by the masses!

Some will say the average reader is a bluffer
Thinly coated with a cultural veneer
Who will buy but never finishes—the guffer!—
Volumes vaunted by his daily gazetteer
Maybe so. Yet I'm continuing to peer
Through my slightly faded pair of rosy glasses
Though you gentlemen may cynically jeer,
Santayana's been discovered by the masses!

L'ENVOI

Sir, whom poets and philosophers revere,
Through the gloom of international morasses
Shines a beacon on this sector of the sphere:
Santayana's been discovered by the masses!

N. D. PLUME

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—N. Y. Herald Tribune

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The Birth of Personality

(*Continued from page* 4)

precious, covenanted life, for God and the future."

Jacob, apparently, was the first of Abraham's descendants who had the power of realizing and experiencing God, more and more sharply through all the variations of a life incredibly eventful and long. He experienced Him in meditation, in the unforeseeable but strangely logical working out of events in his own life—and in dreams. Dreams so full of meaning that they were to him promises. After Abraham's people had cut themselves off from the comfortableness and commonplaceness of anthropomorphic gods, there still remained the ladder of dreams, up which the orphan soul could mount and the ministers of grace descend.

Jacob, the constant lover, who served seven years for Rachel; the trickery of Laban; the rivalry between the sisters; these are great stories which have lived through the centuries. But the greatest, the most moving story is what the author terms "Jacob's laboring upon the Godhead." Jacob is a many-sided man,—but the painting of his contradictions must be left to Thomas Mann himself. He has done it as no one else could. The creation of Jacob, in the flesh and in the spirit, is the great achievement of his work. The man who knows that he bears the "blessing" and sees further into destiny than any of his tribe or time, must, sometimes by purposed indirection, sometimes by stepping aside and shutting his eyes, "save his precious, covenanted life for God and the future." For the aim of the law is worth more than any letter of it, and a trivial transaction or a question of family government must not be allowed to interfere with those fruitful seasons of thought which are well called "labor on the Godhead."

For every lapse in conduct and shirking of responsibility Jacob paid, of course. But the payment, however cruel, seems always to set him a long way forward in his incommunicable spiritual quest,—which certainly proves that his way was for him the right way. With every sorrow he brought upon himself for failing in a plain duty, the immortal jewel he carried within became brighter, and his faith in the way his fathers had chosen more sure. His shirking in the matter of restraining Leah's sons from their revenge for Dinah cost him Rachel, who died because she was forced to travel by mule-back when she was close upon her confinement. (Another contributing cause comes in here, very characteristic of Jacob, and, one might say, of the author's mind as well.) Rachel died by the roadside, giving birth to Benjamin. It was as Jacob sat beside her under the mulberry tree, aware that she was dying, that there came over him the greatest of his understandings, loftier than all his visions:

> And then it was that he [Jacob] directed upwards into the silvery light

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of those worlds above their heads, almost as a confession that he understood, his question: "Lord, what dost Thou?"

To such questions there is no answer. Yet it is the glory of the human spirit that in this silence it does not depart from God, but rather learns to grasp the majesty of the ungraspable and to thrive thereon. Beside him the Chaldæan women and slaves chanted their litanies and invocations, thinking to bind to human wishes the unreasoning powers. But Jacob had never yet so clearly understood as in this hour, why all that was false, and why Abram had left Ur to escape it. The vision vouchsafed him into this immensity was full of horror but also of power; his labor upon the godhead, which always betrayed itself in his care-worn mien, made in this awful night a progress not unconnected with Rachel's agonies.

The remarkable career of Joseph is at its outset in the second volume which unfortunately there is no room to discuss here. How much Herr Mann will later accredit to Joseph's aptness in worldly affairs (that quality of which old Jacob was so distrustful), and how much to his direct inheritance from Jacob, that "blessing" (never formally given) which he carried with him into a land of subtleties and highly organized social life, I wait with impatience to learn. I suspect that I shall still find the father mightier than the son, and more remarkable as an imaginative creation. Jacob is the rod of measure. He saw the beginning, the new-born creature, and believed even then that this was the child of destiny. He knew Joseph before Joseph knew himself. When the "true son" disappeared into darkness in the dawn of his promise, it was Jacob, not Joseph, who bore the full weight of the catastrophe and tasted the bitterness of death. And he lived to see the beautiful conclusion; not the worldly triumph only, but the greatness of heart which could forgive wrongs so shameful and cruel. Had not Jacob been there to recognize and to foresee, to be destroyed by grief and raised up again, the story of Joseph would lose its highest value. Joseph is the brilliant actor in the scene, but Jacob is the mind which created the piece itself. His brooding spirit wraps the legend in a loftiness and grandeur which actual events can never, in themselves, possess. Take Jacob out of the history of Joseph and it becomes simply the story of young genius; its cruel discipline, its ultimate triumph and worldly success. A story ever new and always gratifying, but one which never wakens vibration in the "ground basses" of the soul.

This article is an excerpt from an appreciation of Thomas Mann's trilogy which will appear in a volume on "Personalities in Literature" by Willa Cather, to be published in the autumn. Miss Cather's latest novel is "Lucy Gayheart."

Erratum

The price of "English Printers' Types of the Sixteenth Century," by Frank Isaac, was incorrectly given in last week's issue as $15. The correct price is $8.50.

A BORZOI BOOK

Swamp Shadow

By Katharine Hamill

In the deep South, in that strip of swamp land which touches the Gulf Coast of Mississippi and stretches back into the forest, there are families to whom the civilization of the cities is a thing heard of but unseen, unfelt—a strange race, almost primitive in character. From them came Rachel Roper, the one strong, healthy and gifted woman of the region. Her story—her violent yet glowing love story—is the heart of this fine novel, out of which arises an incomparable picture of the life and mind of a lost people.

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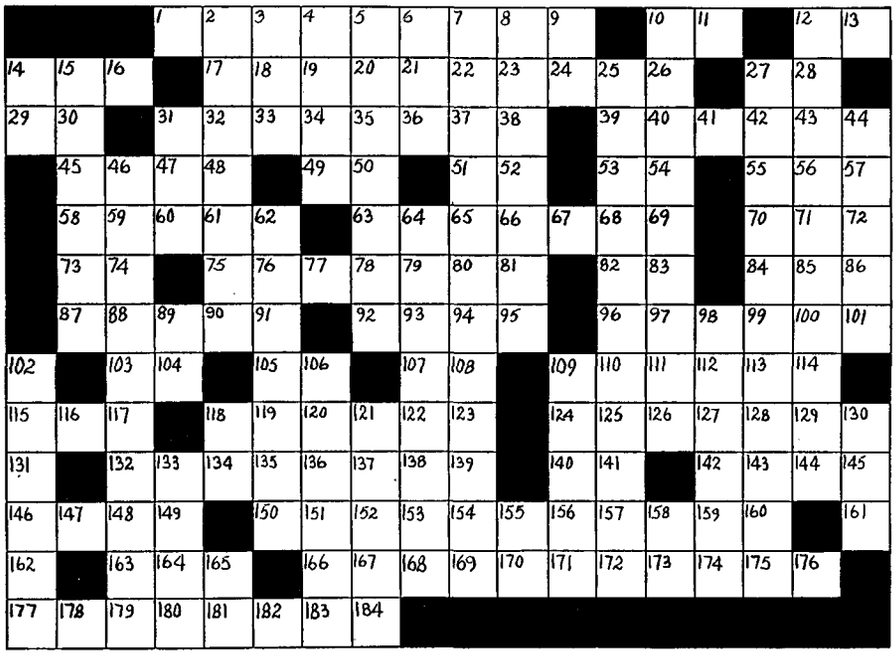
Double-Crostics: No. 115

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-seven words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Sluggishness, dulness.

II. The Buddhism of Mongolia and Tibet.

III. Name of thirteen Popes.

IV. Decamp (slang).

V. Augment, intensify.

VI. Ellen Glasgow's "Queenborough."

VII. Bravest of the Trojans.

VIII. Resounds.

IX. A florid style of architecture.

X. Composition by Stravinsky (Comp.).

XI. Member of a French royal family.

XII. Decayed.

XIII. Shakespearean twins.

XIV. Anguish.

XV. Steering gear.

XVI. Narrow strip of water.

XVII. German philosopher (1788-1860).

XVIII. Wide separation.

XIX. Toward the interior.

XX. Goddess of fruitfulness (Gr.).

XXI. To spread out in front (military).

XXII. An aerial toy top.

XXIII. Non-Shakespearean twins.

XXIV. Novel by Disraeli.

XXV. Meddlesome.

XXVI. To thrive in ease.

XXVII. Commits confidently to another.

WORDS

73 28 3 103 115 93 30 76 54

113 29 157 64 7 176 70

153 83 72 50 142 172 8 163

152 100 12 82 52 117

97 151 31 1 139 166 78

101 77 98 116 18 140 159 45

92 158 2 84 123 127

167 131 122 161 110 75

65 46 149 55 80 4

74 144 60 86 107 27 21 6

11 5 99 165 40 162 170 119 49

178 13 147 129 32 79

42 57 174 19 137 177 69

25 37 111 145 81 156 104

39 102 143 109

17 67 169 125 136

14 135 85 106 118 112 48 89 180 56 43 34

9 51 168 141

130 181 47 22 173 96

95 66 184 15 160 133 154

44 71 63 35 155 120

26 87 114 138

179 108 38 24 41 59

23 128 105 164 146 33 91

36 171 58 182 121 148 20 126 183

53 134 10 62 90 94

150 124 68 132 175 16 88 61

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

ONE of the most exciting happenings in any bookstore this spring was when several exophthalmic men rushed into the Gotham Book Mart on 47 Street and besought Miss Steloff to let them rummage in her back garden. ☞Muttering with anxiety they scrabbled in the flower beds, sifting the earth with a strainer. ☞A tray of diamonds had blown off a jeweler's windowsill in an overhanging building. ☞Some of the stones, we believe, are still unfound, and the gloomy gemsters have sieved Miss Steloff's iris bed into powder. ☞Yet there are undiscovered jewels in every bookshop if one knew how to look. ☞Delighted to note that Don Marquis's *archy does his part* has had a rousing reception in London, where it has just been published by Faber & Faber. Mr. A. G. Macdonell (whose own name is Archy) says in the *Observer*, "The invention of these two creatures [viz. archy the roach and mehitabel the cat] is one of the landmarks in the history of humour. Mr. Marquis is in that tiny band of men who have made their fellow-creatures laugh by a completely original twist." ☞Alfred W. Paine, the maritime bookseller at 336 Lexington Ave., will close his shop as usual during August (sensible man) and reopen after Labor Day in larger quarters at 113 East 55. ☞The tohubohu over the great *Queen Mary* reminds Old Q. of O. Henry's magnificent howler (in *Strictly Business*, the story called "Past One at Rooney's") about "the paddle wheels of the *Kaiser Wilhelm*." ☞The only vessels O. Henry knew anything about were the Hudson River excursion boats, and he supposed that ocean liners also had paddles. ☞One of the pleasures of rereading O. Henry is to see how the stories date: for instance his frequent allusions to the West 70's as the most fashionable part of town. ☞Puzzled by Doubleday's press note, that a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Sheean "in Dublin, at 8 o'clock London time, May 26th." Old Q.'s Irish blood, if he had any, would boil. ☞Among the arrivers in *Queen Mary* was Mr. Greville Worthington of Elkin Mathews, the London booksellers, who is holding a small exhibit at the Gotham Hotel (until June 6, noon) including MSS of Mary Webb.

☞Robert F. DeGraff, who resigned from the Garden City Publishing Co. last month after twelve years in charge of Star Dollar Books, has become president of Blue Ribbon Books. This keeps him in the dollar non-fiction reprint business. Eugene Reynal, former president of Blue Ribbon, becomes chairman of the board, and Freeman Lewis general manager.

☞Mitchell Kennerley, who knows the creative arts of printing and publishing as well as any man living, has joined the Davidson Printing Corporation of 227 East 45 St.—another typographical association for our crosstown artery of ink. ☞The Derrydale Press is very pleased at the reception accorded *An Artist's Game Bag* ($15), a volume of drawings and paintings of American wild fowl and game birds by the talented artist Lynn Bogue Hunt.

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DARTMOUTH JUNIOR, summer home on Rhode Island coast, physician's family, will assume entire charge two boys, preferably eight to ten years, for July and August. Athlete, Senior Life-saving Certificate. Two years Counsellor large camps. Surf-bathing, restricted beach. Canoe, cat-boat, on salt-water pond. Tutoring optional. Box 343-B.

SWISS MEADOWS—550 acres woods, brooks, hills, valleys, small century-old farmhouse, beamed, panelled, peasant furnishings. Meals served under apple trees overlooking Berkshires or beside crackling fires. Modern plumbing, electricity, telephone. $5 day, including afternoon tea; $25 week. Cornelia Stratton Parker, Williamstown, Mass.

WILL SUBLET FOR SUMMER lovely elevator apartment Brooklyn Heights, cool, view entire harbor, five rooms, home literary editor, thousands books. $75. July and August. References. Phone CUmberland 6-6897.

"DON'T-SNORE"—Small, gold device. Prevents snoring, mouth-breathing, $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circular free. D. K. Thaxly Company, Washington, D. C.

RETIRED COLLEGE TEACHER wishes two or three boarders, preferably for all summer. Interesting old farmhouse in lovely hill country. Elevation 1100 feet. Two bathrooms, electric lights, four fireplaces, vegetable garden. Rates $15 and $20 a week. Box 70, R. F. D. Conway, Massachusetts.

DEAF WOMEN can join a small group for summer of intensive lipreading practice. Beautiful Philadelphia suburb. Box 243-B.

YOUNG MAN, Yale graduate, studying, desires afternoon employment doing secretarial work in the vicinity of Westport, Connecticut. Car. Salary secondary. Call Fairfield 720.

SUMMER AT PEMAQUID POINT, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest sea-cliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, chowder, open fires. Very reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

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HARVARD UNDERGRADUATE seeks summer job. Cellist, fencer, cryptographer. Know German, French, Russian, Esperanto. Can type. Box 336-B.

PERSONALS

GRAND MANAN IS. Offers restful and quiet vacation cottages surrounded by sea and woods; open fires; green vegetables; no radio; reasonable rates. Address: Whale Cove Cottage, Grand Manan Is., Canada.

WHITE MTS. To let at Chocorua, N. H., pleasant house near lake, from July first to September fifteenth. Tennis court. Wood, ice, silver, blankets and linen supplied. Open for inspection. $550. Apply William James, Chocorua, N. H.

GREENVINE INN, HILLSDALE, N. Y. At the Western Gateway of the Berkshires. Small, simple, quiet. Moderate rates.

COMMUTER, 28, seeks country board with old-fashioned family. Connecticut or Westchester. Box 353-B.

A YOUNG New England college woman with social background, acquainted with art and music and fond of outdoor sports, would act as *companion for older girl during the summer.* Box 351-B.

CAN SOMEONE please tell me what it was that Mrs. Ferdinand Blumenthal, right in the middle of the luncheon celebrating her marriage to the Duc de Montmorency, said which convulsed all of fashionable Europe? I'm in a twitter to know. Cleo.

PROFESSIONAL, business, Christian men and women, wanting to maintain accustomed high living standard at very low cash outlay, should investigate Young People's Cooperative Residence. Work spare time and pay $4.75 up exchange room, board, sports. Cooperative Lodge, 229 West 48th, New York.

TRAINED LIBRARIAN with six years experience is desperately tired of the wide open spaces. Can someone in San Francisco or New York offer a position? Just how does the other half live? Box 354-B.

CHICAGO GENTLEMAN, disliking rooming houses, seeks a *neat, light, airy room in a nice,* quiet neighborhood. $15.00-$20.00 monthly. Box 355-B.

HARVARD JUNIOR wishes office work in New York. Can type. Good in math. Free June 15. Box 356-B.

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YOUNG WOMAN seeking work in Chicago district. Literary proclivities, but would do almost anything. Box 358-B.

SUBLET. June 15—September 1. Attractive cool two-room kitchenette apartment in modern apartment house. Completely furnished. Grand Central District. $80 a month. Box 359-B.

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BEAUTIFUL 480 ACRE ISLAND, Puget Sound. Timber, view, fishing, stock, boats, conveniences. Will sacrifice. The Puget Sounder, Bellingham, Washington.

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EXCURSION A WASHOUT? Conflicting reports. Terribly worried. N.B.: Wide gulf you mentioned stretches in direction just opposite to that you thought!

SUMMER POSITION WANTED for my exceptionally competent colored maid. In or near New York preferred. Address Mrs. Fannie Mays, 1911 Lurting Avenue or telephone UNderhill 3-3396.

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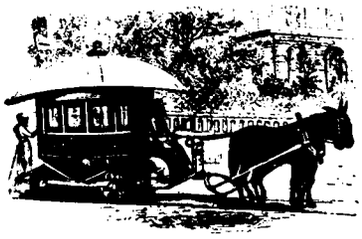

IT WAS the year Commodore Vanderbilt said "The public be damned," and Queen Victoria protested about Barnum's elephant, Jumbo. It was the era of electric corsets, lawn tennis, high-wheeled bicycles, Susan B. Anthony, Lydia Pinkham, Jay Gould. John Drew and Ada Rehan were playing at Daly's Theatre in New York. Miss Lizzie Sturgeon was playing the piano with her bare toes in dime museums. Buffalo Bill was just about to take his Wild West show on tour. Lillian Russell was at Tony Pastor's Music Hall on 14th Street in a burlesque of "Patience." The Brooklyn Bridge wasn't ready yet, but Edison's telephones were in operation. Many newspapers referred to Brooklyn as Beechertown. John L. Sullivan had just smashed Paddy Ryan. A dirty little coward had just shot Mr. Howard and laid Jesse James in his grave. Oscar Wilde, on a coast-to-coast tour of America, was a national craze—either pro or con—and everybody was calling everything "too utterly utter." *Godey's Lady's Book* was crammed with ingenious ideas for ladies' fancy work—egg-warmers, opera hoods, and smoking caps for gentlemen. New millionaires were building houses chiefly with scroll saws and the upholsterers were indulging in orgies of plush protuberances. For 450 copiously illustrated pages, the panorama of this America unfolds as the reader follows Oscar Wilde through practically every city in the land.

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